

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

COMICS

APRIL
No. 60

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4

BLACKHAWK
BATTLES THE DEADLY
GREEN PLAGUE!

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Blackhawk



It was a land of milk and honey...

But it was ruled by the baleful and deadly **GREEN PLAGUE!**

Again the **BLACKHAWKS**, fighting heroes from many lands, penetrate a mystery and destroy a dreadful menace!











As the **BLACKHAWKS** move through the trees, they are aware of wonders ...

DAS BAN RICH EARTH -- CAN GROW ANYTHING, BY YUPITER!

ZE FRUITS! ZIS IS A PARADISE OF PLENTY!

EVERY ROCK IS FULL OF METAL-- COPPER, GOLD, EVERYTHING!

YES, IT'S A LAND WHERE LIFE COULD BE PLEASANT-- BUT, INSTEAD, **DEATH** SEEMS TO RULE HERE! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT MAN WE LET GO!



Elsewhere...

STRANGERS IN BLUE -- THEY HAVE PENETRATED BEYOND OUR OUTER DEFENSES! THEY CAUGHT ME, BUT LET ME GO!

IMPOSSIBLE! STRANGERS -- HOW ARE THEY ARMED?



NO WEAPONS BUT THEIR HANDS THAT I COULD SEE!

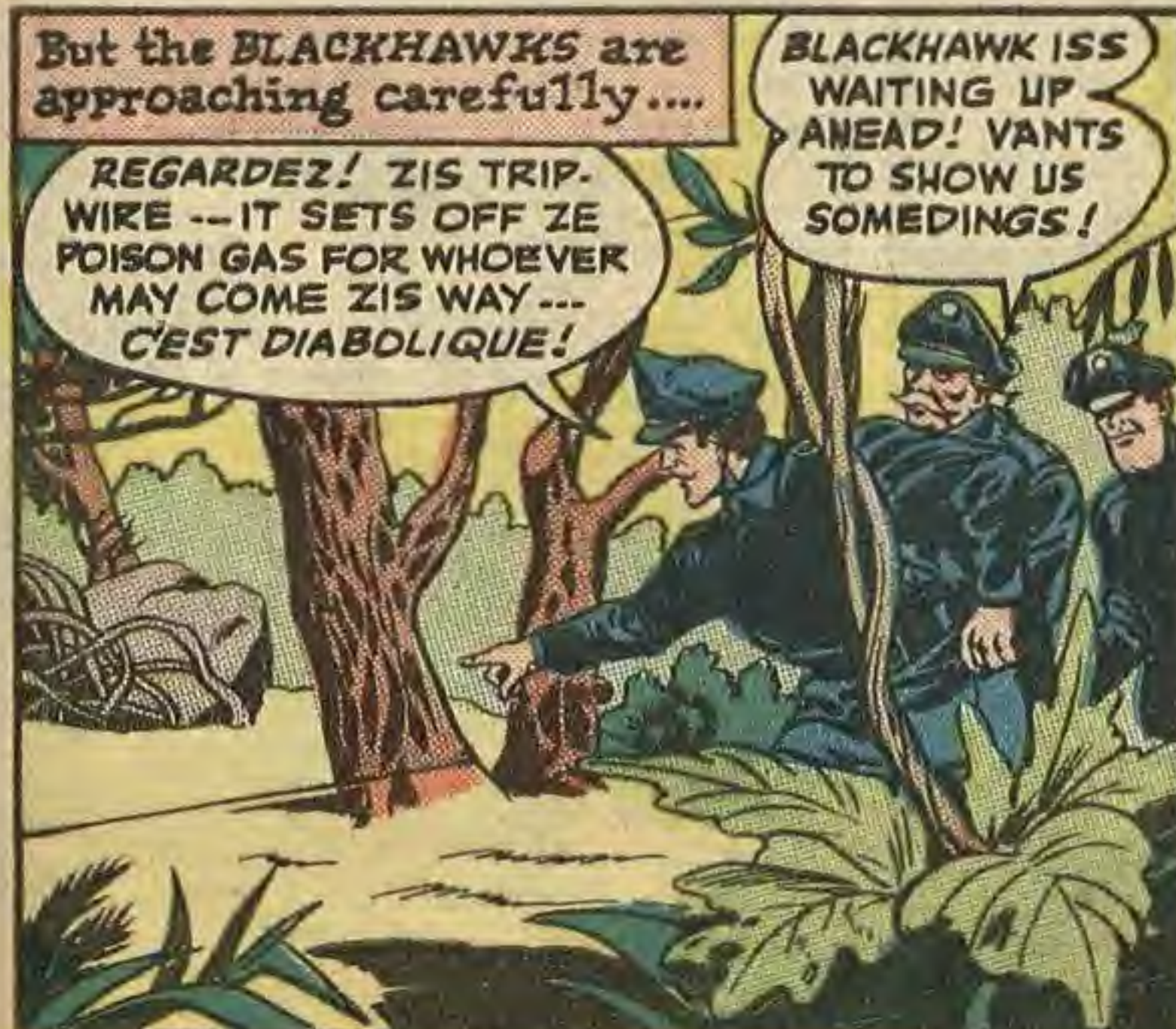
OF COURSE, THEY DON'T SEE OUR WEAPONS, EITHER! LET'S PREPARE FOR THEM -- IF THEY COME THIS FAR!



But the **BLACKHAWKS** are approaching carefully....

REGARDEZ! ZIS TRIP-WIRE -- IT SETS OFF ZE POISON GAS FOR WHOEVER MAY COME ZIS WAY -- C'EST DIABOLIQUE!

BLACKHAWK ISS WAITING UP AHEAD! VANTS TO SHOW US SOMEDINGS!



DAS BAN ONLY VAY THROUGH, HA? DAN AY LEAD VAY...

ALREADY FORGETTING THAT OTHER BOOBY TRAP, OLAF? LET'S INVESTIGATE FIRST!



















DOGTAG



In the club car of a speeding train ...



THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!



MY CARD, SIR! WAVIT'S THE NAME, AS YOU CAN SEE! D. U. WAVIT! THIS IS MY DAUGHTER MARGARET! WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT CARE TO LIGHTEN THE BURDEN OF A TIRESOME JOURNEY WITH A LITTLE GAME OF THREE-HANDED DRAW!

DRAW? I NEVER HEARD OF IT!

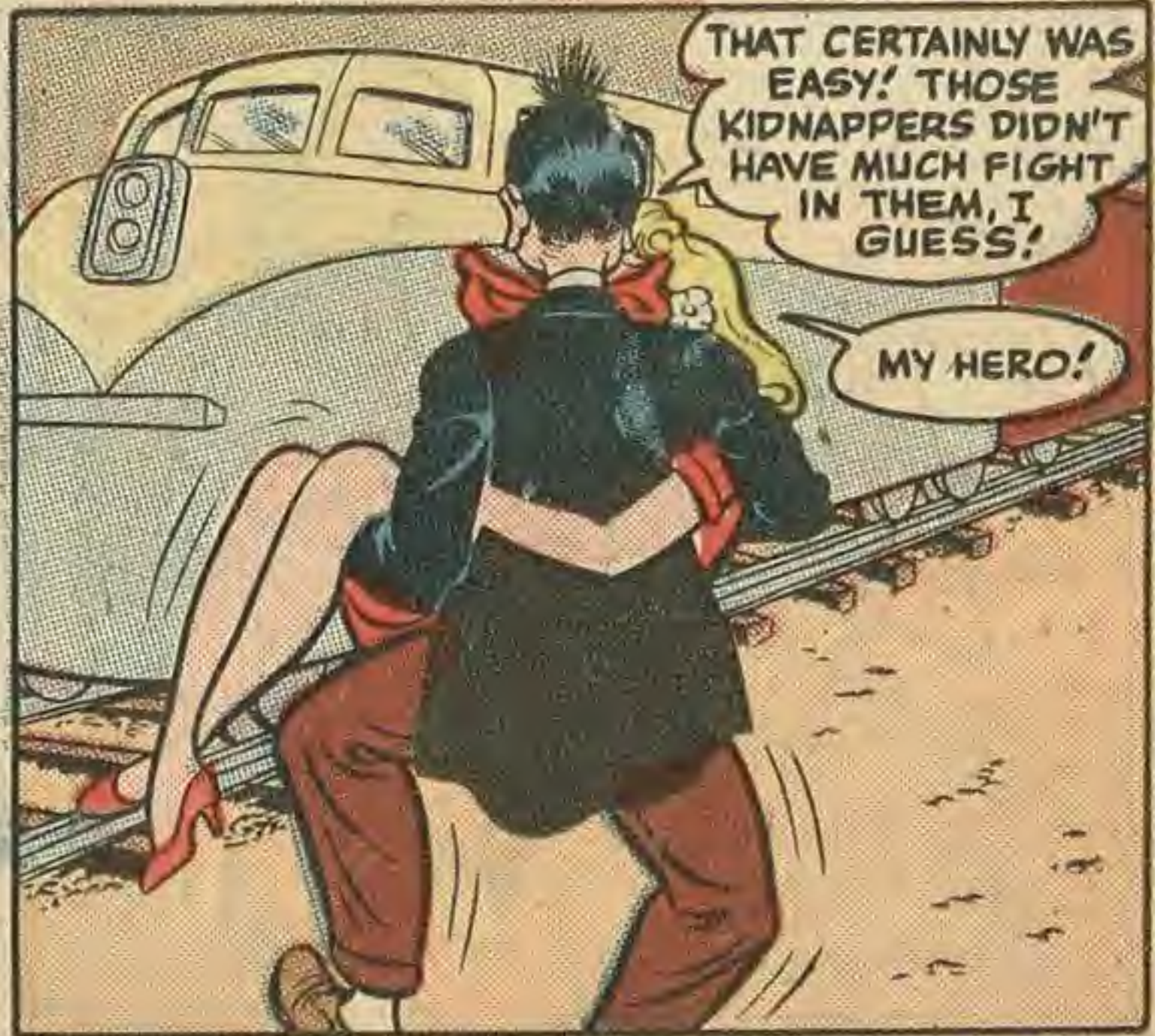




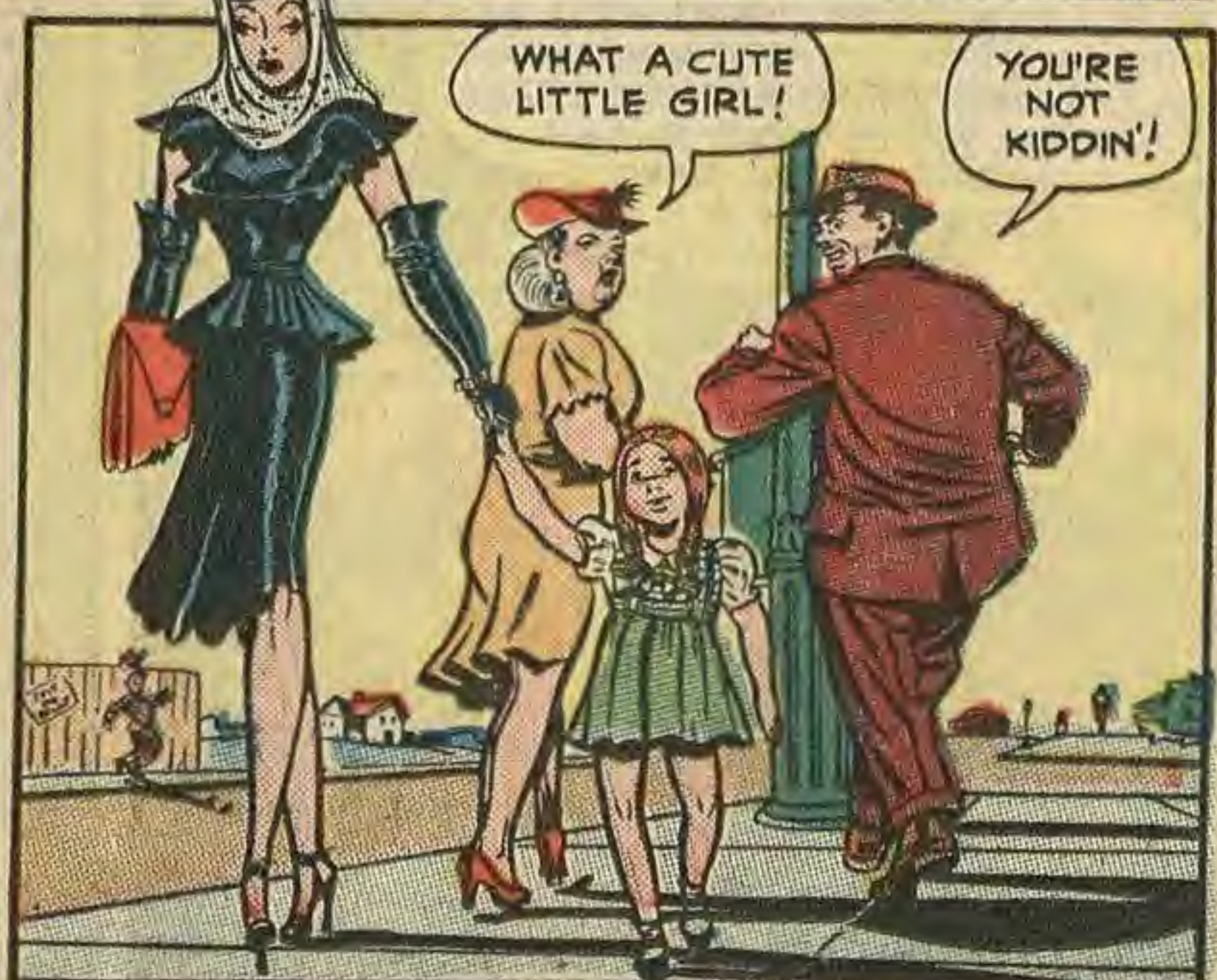








TORCHY





OH, DEAR,
WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?

THIS IS
AWFUL!
SIMPLY
AWFUL!



SOMETHING
SEEMS TO BE
THE MATTER!
WHO ARE
THEY, SUSIE?

THAT'S THE
PRINCIPAL
AND HER
HUSBAND!
THEY'RE
DRIPS!



SH-H! YOU
MUSTN'T TALK
THAT WAY
ABOUT THEM,
SUSIE!

AW, ALL
THE KIDS
SAY THE
SAME
THING!



SUSIE'S MOTHER ASKED
ME TO BRING HER OVER
TODAY! I SUPPOSE IT'S
ALL RIGHT TO LEAVE
HER
NOW!

YES! GOODNESS, I
FORGOT! SUSIE'S IN
THE VERY CLASS FOR
WHICH WE HAVE NO
TEACHER TODAY!



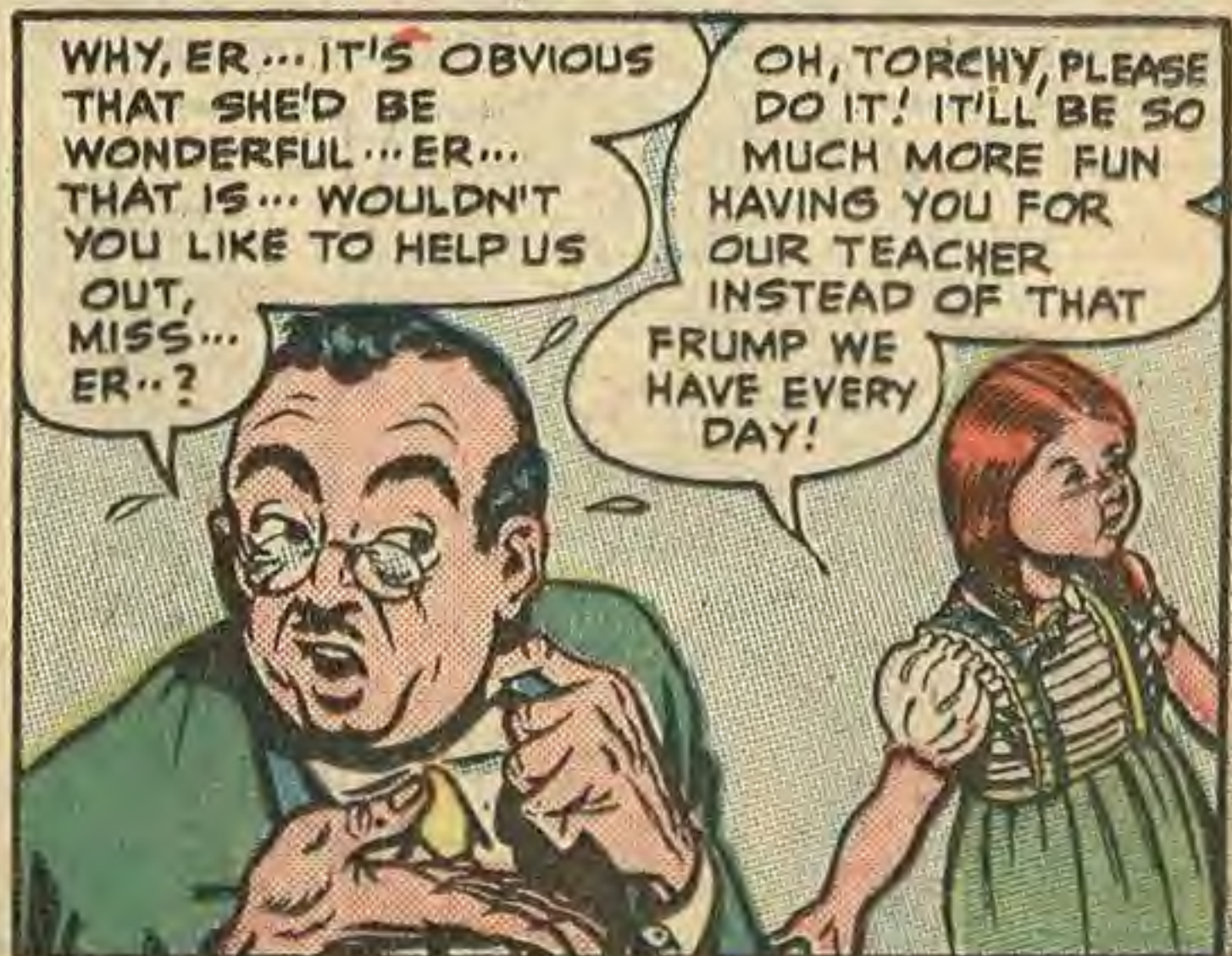
HER TEACHER'S MOTHER
JUST CALLED! THE TEACHER
IS VERY ILL! WE
DON'T KNOW WHO'S
GOING TO TAKE
THE CLASS!

OH... THAT'S
TOO BAD!



MY DEAR, I HAVE AN IDEA!
PERHAPS THIS YOUNG
LADY WOULD LIKE TO
TAKE OVER FOR THE DAY!
SHE LOOKS AS
IF SHE'D BE
WONDERFUL
WITH CHILDREN!

HUMPH!
WHY?



WHY, ER... IT'S OBVIOUS
THAT SHE'D BE
WONDERFUL... ER...
THAT IS... WOULDN'T
YOU LIKE TO HELP US
OUT,
MISS...
ER..?

OH, TORCHY, PLEASE
DO IT! IT'LL BE SO
MUCH MORE FUN
HAVING YOU FOR
OUR TEACHER
INSTEAD OF THAT
FRUMP WE
HAVE EVERY
DAY!







THANK YOU!

HOW DID THIS GET IN HERE? WHAT A BREAK!

HOT BOOGIE
WAH WAH

GOODNESS! THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE LITTLE JACK HORNER TO ME! MAYBE THEY'VE CHANGED IT SINCE I WENT TO SCHOOL!



DO YOU KNOW THAT DANCING IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN A CHILD'S EDUCATION? YOU CAN'T DO MORE FOR A KID THAN TO GIVE HIM A GOOD GROUNDWORK IN DANCING! LET'S SHOW THEM HOW TO DO IT!



HUH? BUT...

BUT ARE YOU SURE THIS IS ALL RIGHT?

ALL RIGHT? IT'S TERRIFIC!



JUST A MINUTE! THAT'S NO WAY TO DANCE! THINK I WANT MY KID LEARNING STUFF LIKE THAT? LET ME SHOW YOU HOW!



HEY!

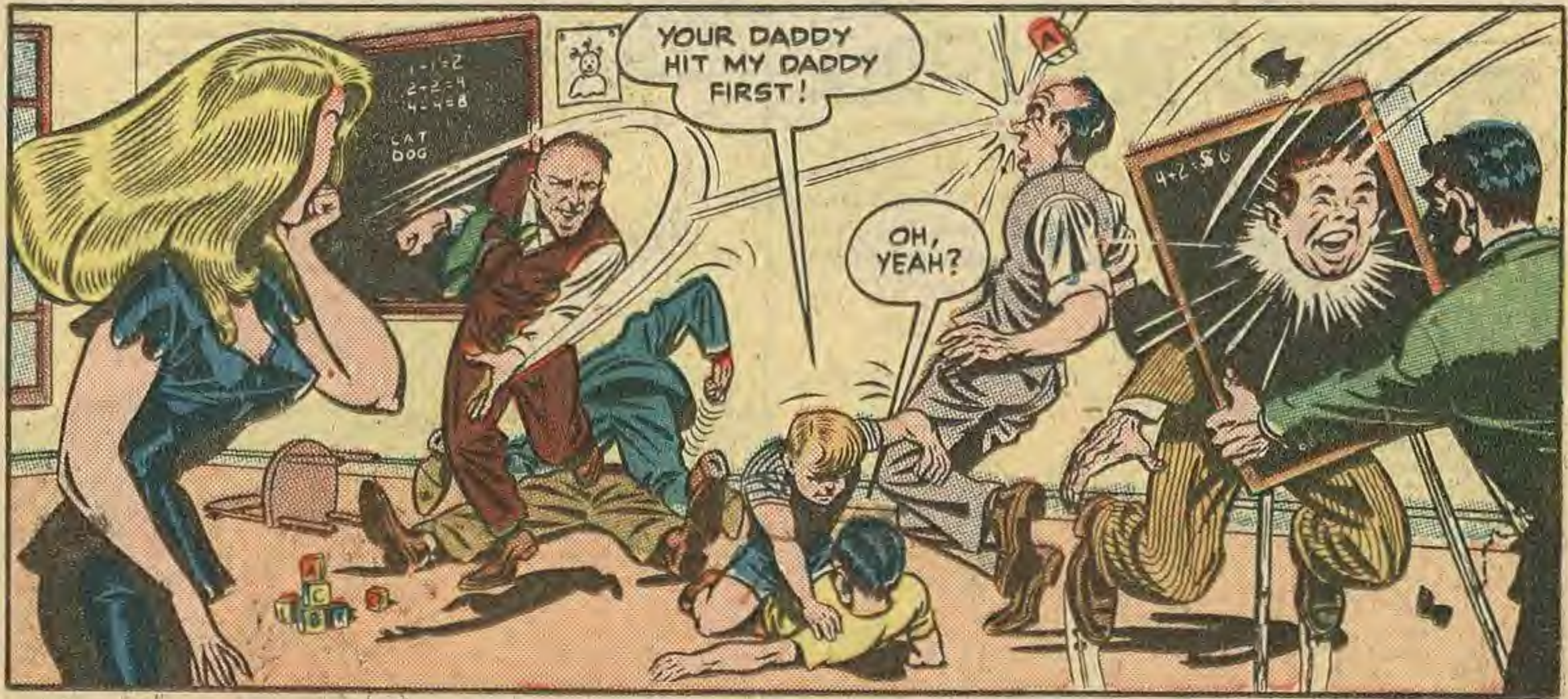
TRYING TO MUSCLE IN ON MY IDEA!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN RUN THINGS?



OH, A WISE GUY, EH?





SMELL PRETTIER'N HAIR GOO! THINK I'LL PICK ONE FER ME GOIL FRIEND CONNIE!

TH' LONG ARM O' TH' LAW WOULD REACH OUT AN' PINCH YE! NOW RUN ALONG WITH YE!

I G-GETCHA! WELL, S-SO LONG, OFFICA' RYAN!

Later...

CHEE! A FLOWER LYIN' ON TH' SIDEWALK! WUNNER HOW IT GOT THERE!

WELL, AS LONG AS I JUS' FOUND IT THERE, I GUESS I C'N KEEP IT!

YEOW!

HE CAN'T PINCH ME FER THA'

O-K-KAY, OFFICA' RYAN! H-HERE'S YER F-FLOWER!

JEEPERS! WHEN IT COMES T' PINCHIN', YOU'RE A EXPOIT!

Will

B r a d s

OH, THE OBJECT
OF MY AFFECTION CAN
CHANGE MY COMPLEXION
FROM WHITE TO ROSY
RED...

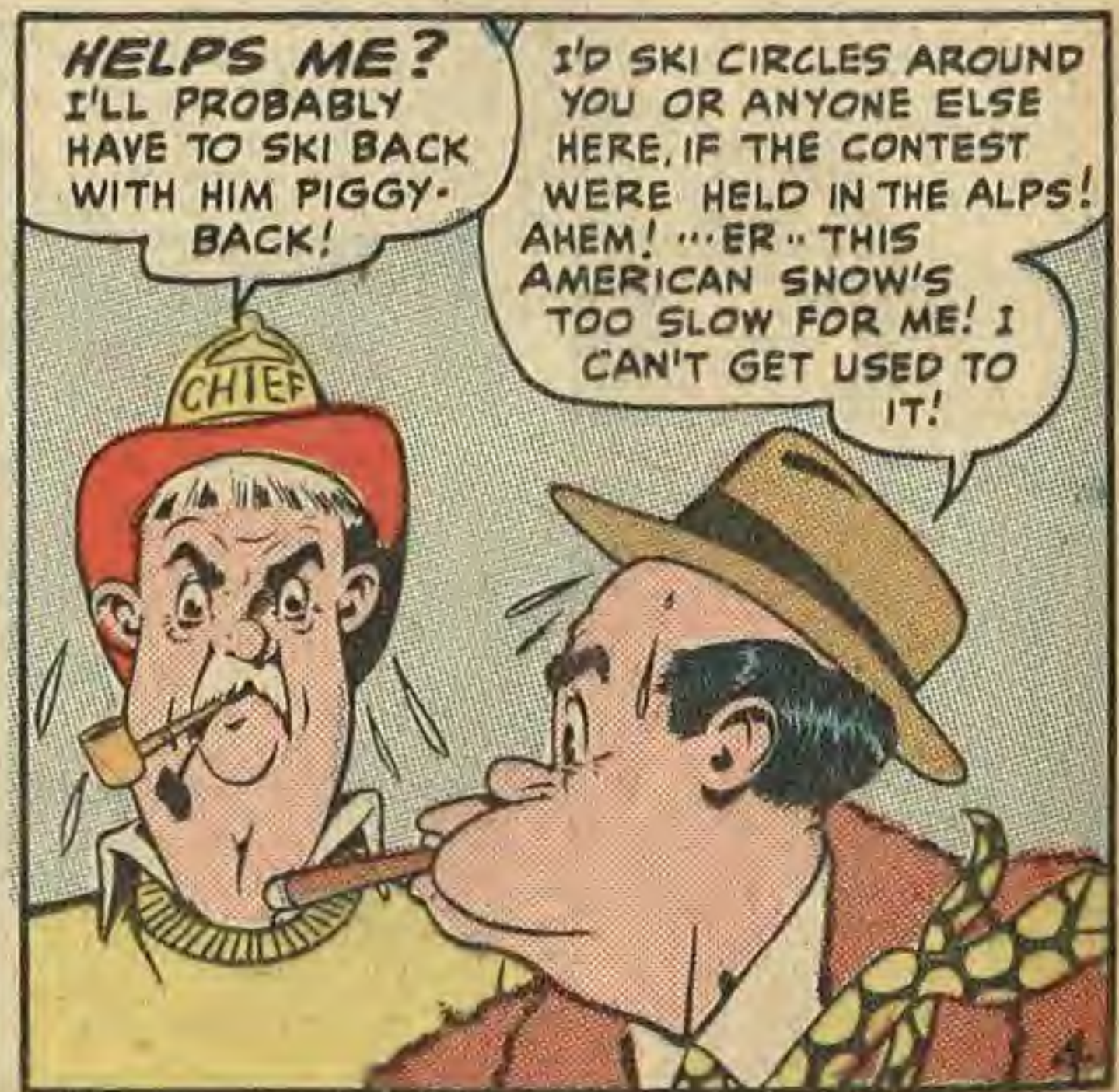


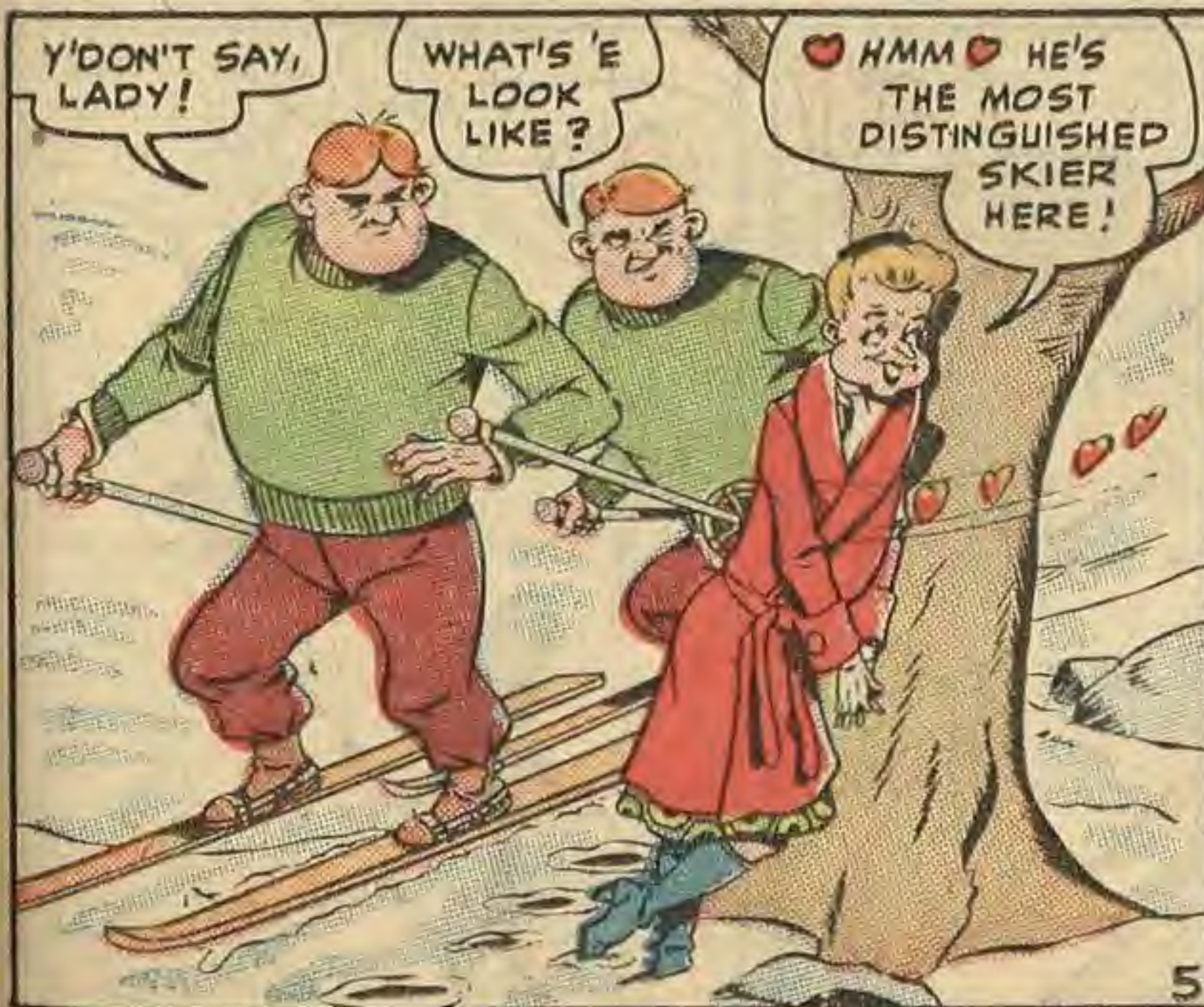
...AND
MINE TO
PURPLE!

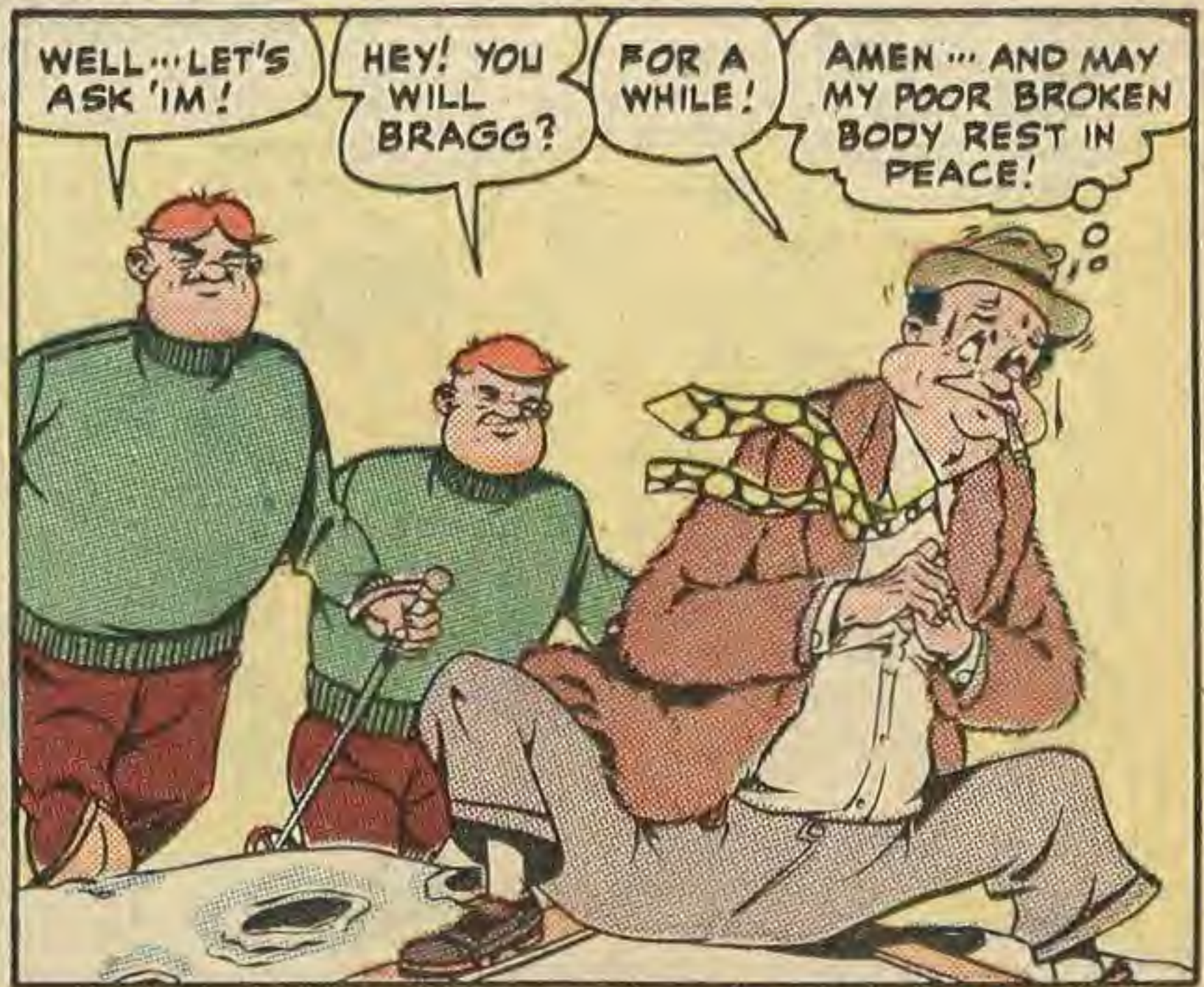


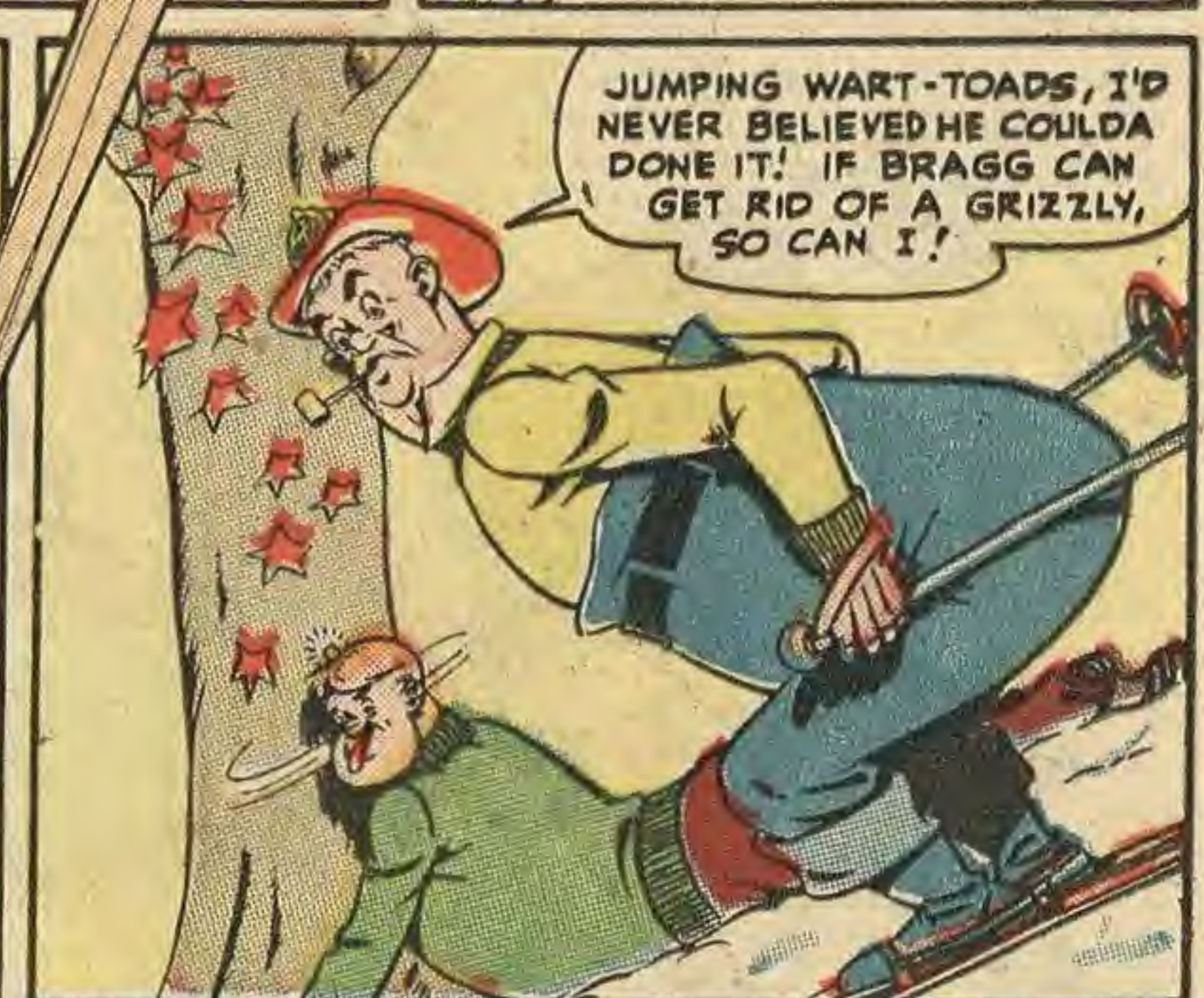


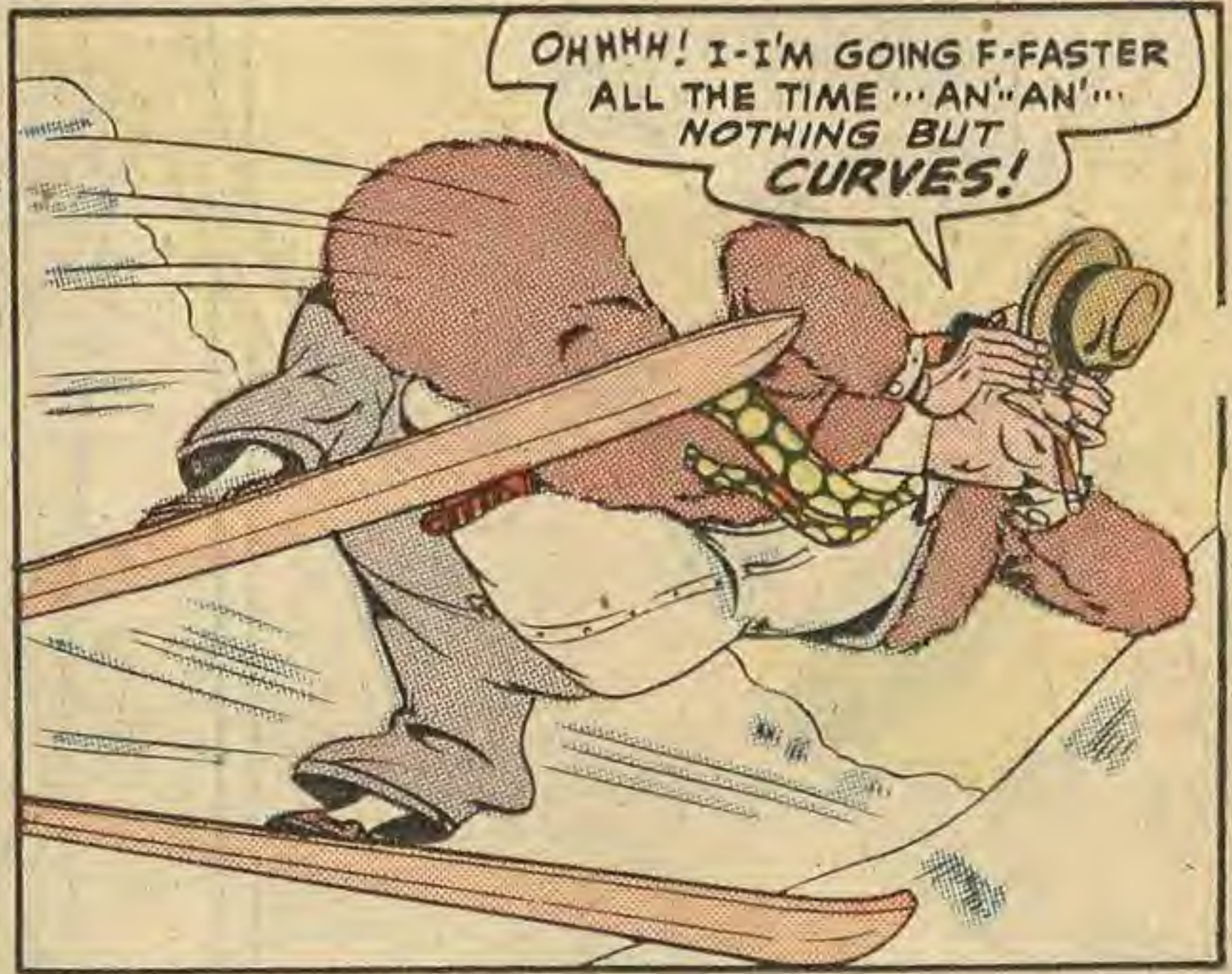














CHOO CHOO

ACE AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY
presents
"Ashes of PASSION"

PLEASE!
COULD I HAVE THE
AUTOGRAPH OF
THE LEADING
LADY OF THE
SHOW?

I'M THE
LEADING
LADY!

NO! I
AM!



CHOO CHOO! IN ORDER TO PLAY A MAID PROPERLY,
YOU MUST CARRY A TRAY LIKE THIS, AT CHIN LEVEL!

I WAS NEVER CUT OUT
TO PLAY A MAID, MR. DEWILE!
NOW AS LEADING LADY...

OH, DEAR! MUST THIS
STUPID GIRL HOLD UP THE
REHEARSAL?



HMMM! YOU
DO UNDERSTUDY
THE LEAD,
DON'T YOU?

YES, AND I KNOW
EVERY LINE! OH, PLEASE
GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO PLAY IT!





A short time later ...

CHERRY DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY THIS MORNING, BUT MAYBE SHE'S GETTING **BIG TIPS!**

CHERRY, MY DEAR FRIEND, MY WHOLE CAREER DEPENDS ON YOUR LENDING ME ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS THIS INSTANT!

WHAT? CHOO CHOO, I DON'T EVEN HAVE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS!

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING? FOR A MEASLY HUNDRED AND FIFTY I COULD BE THE LEADING LADY IN *ASHES OF PASSION!*

LET ME BY, CHOO CHOO! THIS TRAY IS HEAVY! IF WE'RE GOING TO PAY THE ROOM RENT, I'VE GOT TO HOLD MY JOB!

THE TRAY SEEMS HEAVY BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT CARRYING IT RIGHT! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU!

WHAT TH'--?? BE CAREFUL!

MY DIRECTOR, MR. DEWILE, SAID THE PROPER WAY TO CARRY A TRAY IS AT CHIN LEVEL!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

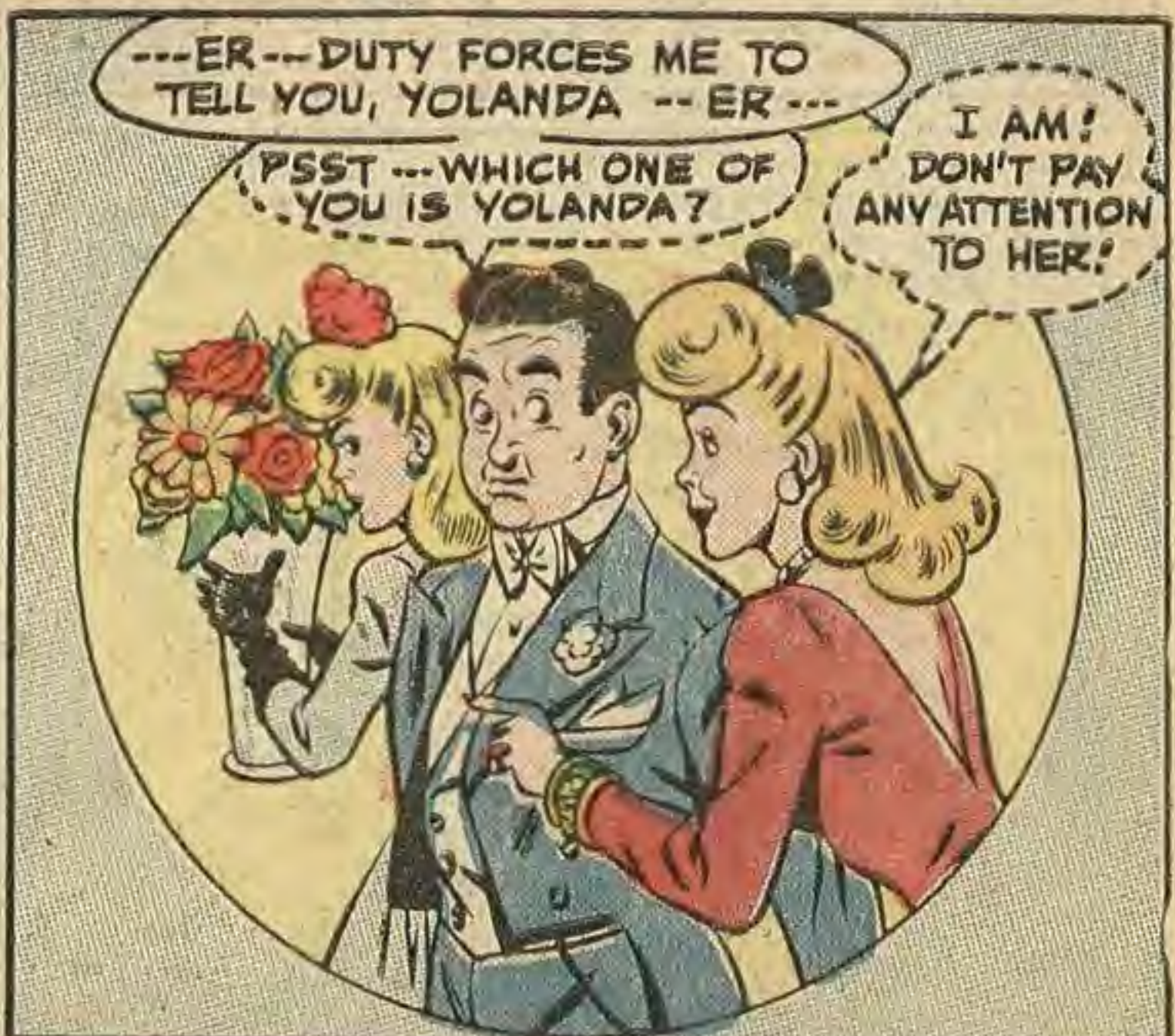
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, CHOO CHOO! WATCH OUT!

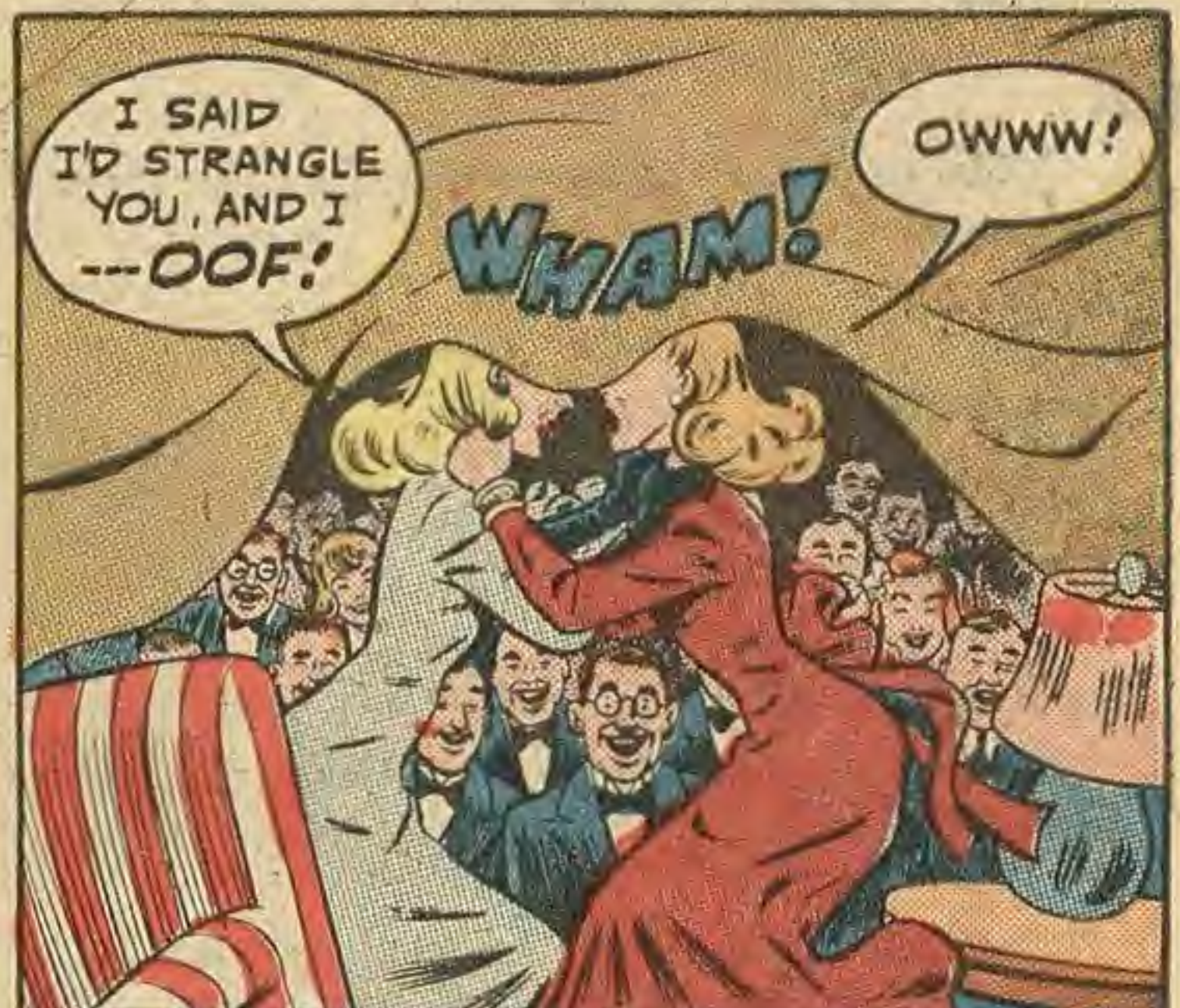
OH! MY GOODNESS! YOU'RE NOT A WAITRESS HERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT TRAY? GET OUT!











THE SECRET ROOM

IT WAS a wild, blustery night with screeching wind that shook and rattled the ancient house. It was such a night as the Little People choose for their deviltry; that sets the banshees to wailing and gnashing their teeth.

Six youths sat huddled in the big living room of the house. They tried to keep their eyes toward the center of the table around which they clustered. Occasionally one of them would hurl an affrighted glance over his shoulder, out through the window that gave on the misty moor. But he'd quickly turn his head back.

"Scared?" asked one of the lads with a sick grin.

"Naw," replied the one who had just looked.

Another laughed. There was nothing to laugh at.

"What're you laughing at, Don?" one of them demanded.

"Why not?" retorted Don.

"Well, why?" persisted another. "I don't feel like laughing."

Allen said, "So we picked a haunted house, and here we are. Let's see it through."

"Old bravery himself," Don grunted.

"Listen," said Allen, "if any of you want to back out, now's the time, before it gets dark."

Frank hooted. "I'd like to see what you'd do if we all left!"

Allen gave him a look.

"Jack, tell us a story," someone suggested.

"Tell us the story of this haunted house."

Ben was the only native of Ireland; the other five boys had come from the States. Ben hitched his chair closer to the table and spread his elbows out.

"I can give you a pretty clear word picture of this old castle," he said. "My uncle has owned it for many years. It was built in 1564—you can see the date carved in the stone above the front doors."

"Give us all the gory details, Ben," sang out Don. "The works!"

Ben grinned. "All right. Here goes."

"Soon after the castle was built," he began, "the master was murdered in his bed. No one knew at the time who had killed him. Several of the servants were put to death just as an example to the others."

"Did the servants do it?" someone asked.

"No one knows," said Ben. "The master was

found dead in his bed. There were no marks on him."

"Heart trouble," said Don.

"Possible," Ben said. "But he had a strong heart, and he was only in his early fifties."

"Witchcraft."

Ben nodded. "You said it. That's exactly what everybody believed killed the master. He was known to have sold his soul to Satan."

"The master of the castle," Ben continued, "was wealthy. His riches went to his eldest son, James. As was customary, James moved into his late father's bedroom. One morning about two years afterward, James was found dead in bed under the same extraordinary circumstances."

"James' wealth now passed on to the next eldest son, Henry. Well, as you've guessed, the same fate waited for Henry. In fact, he died less than a year later."

"There were no more sons, so Henry's wealth was handed down to Margaret, the eldest daughter."

"Margaret lived in perfect health for nine years."

"She didn't sleep in that 'deadly' bed. I suppose," said Don.

"No," Ben replied. "Naturally, the women didn't sleep in their father's beds, as did the sons. Margaret had her own room in another wing of the castle."

Ben paused. "Now here's the strange part of the story. Margaret kept pondering the cause of her father's and brothers' deaths. What had killed them, without leaving marks of violence?"

"One night she crept to the fatal room and crawled into the ancient bed. She was soon asleep. They found her dead the next morning."

Frank said, "Should have minded her own business."

"Yes," said Ben. "But you see, she was curious. Just like we are."

"I'd have searched that room mighty thoroughly," Jack said. "Must have been something wrong with it."

"Yeah, but what?" Dan wanted to know.

"Listen!" Ben held up his hand. "Hear it?"

They all listened intently. A soft creaking going down the upstairs hall sounded clearly. It was as if someone was sneaking along, trying to miss the squeaking planks in the floor.

Ben said, "You can hear it every night about

this time." He looked at his watch. "Yes, just midnight."

"What is it?" Dan asked. There was a slight quaver in his voice.

"The master's ghost," Ben replied. "Or at least that's what everybody says it is."

Frank boomed that. "Nuts, you mean to tell me you believe in that rot?"

"Not particularly," Ben said. "But the fact remains that those footsteps are heard every night at this time. How do you account for them?"

Morgan got up and stretched. "Why not take a gander up there, fellows?"

They all got up. "Okay," someone replied. "Let's go. You lead the way, Ben, you know it."

They were soon going up the wide stone staircase. Dust underfoot was an inch thick, making their footsteps quiet. They reached the top and halted to listen.

"The master's ghost has reached the far end of the hall," said Ben. "Now he'll walk back."

They all stood there, rooted, listening.

"There he comes!" whispered Ben.

The creaking footfalls could be heard plainly approaching them now. Should they stand thus? But bosh, there wasn't such a thing as a real ghost!

The footsteps came nearer. And now they all felt a cold breath coming from the direction of the eery steps.

"Gad!" whispered Lou. "Me, I don't like this. You guys can stay. I'm leaving!" He darted down the stairway.

The footsteps drew opposite the five boys and the cold wind was colder now. The steps passed them, echoing away in the distant darkness of the great hall.

"Well, he's gone," said Ben. "Want to take a look in the master's bedroom?"

No one answered. Of course they didn't believe in ghosts, but then—

The door opened with a loud creak as Ben pushed it back. Their flashlights revealed a huge, high-ceiled room panelled in dull oak. The ancient bed, canopied, stood there at the far side. Two big windows looked out upon the moor. A sick moon was visible through one. The wind had fallen. Dead quiet now reigned.

It was Andy who proposed sleeping in the bed.

Ben cautioned against it. "Mebbe it's all a fake," said he; "but why tempt fate?"

"Bosh!" said Andy. "You guys don't have to sleep here. But I'm going to. Good-night, Fraidy-cats!"

Andy hauled off his clothes, tossed down his blanket (They had all brought blankets) and was soon stretched out on the great bed.

He grinned as they moved toward the door. "I want bacon and eggs for breakfast," he sang out.

They found Andy dead next morning. There were no marks on him.

"Same fate as overtook the others," said Ben. "I didn't want him to do it."

"Well, let's see if we can find the cause," said Don. He began searching the panels, the floor. And what others had missed, the five boys found. At noon, Frank hit a hollow place behind the bed in the paneling. Tearing off the thick boards, they found a stone pipe leading from below. It took only half a nose to discover the poisonous smell of gas coming through the pipe.

"And look at that panel," said Frank. "That rosette in the wood has holes in it—so the gas can get into the bed room. Why, this room is a death trap!"

They had found the killer, but what of the stealthy footsteps? Merely the house cooling off and the boards expanding in the night coolness.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1914, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF MODERN COMICS, published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the MODERN COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1914, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

EZRA

HEY, EZRA,
LOOK OUT!
YOU'RE OFF
THE TRAIL!

YOU
CAN'T FOOL
ME WITH THOSE
PHONY SIGNS,
FUZZY! THIS
IS A SHORT
CUT TO THE
FINISH LINE!



GOLLY, EZRA,
LOOK! THERE'S
GOING TO BE
A RACE!

RACE? WHAT
KIND OF
RACE?

POTT'S SEED STORE
HARDWARE STOVES • FEED
GARDEN TOOLS • PET SUPPLIES



GOSH! A DOG
RACE! LET'S GO
INSIDE AND
INQUIRE!

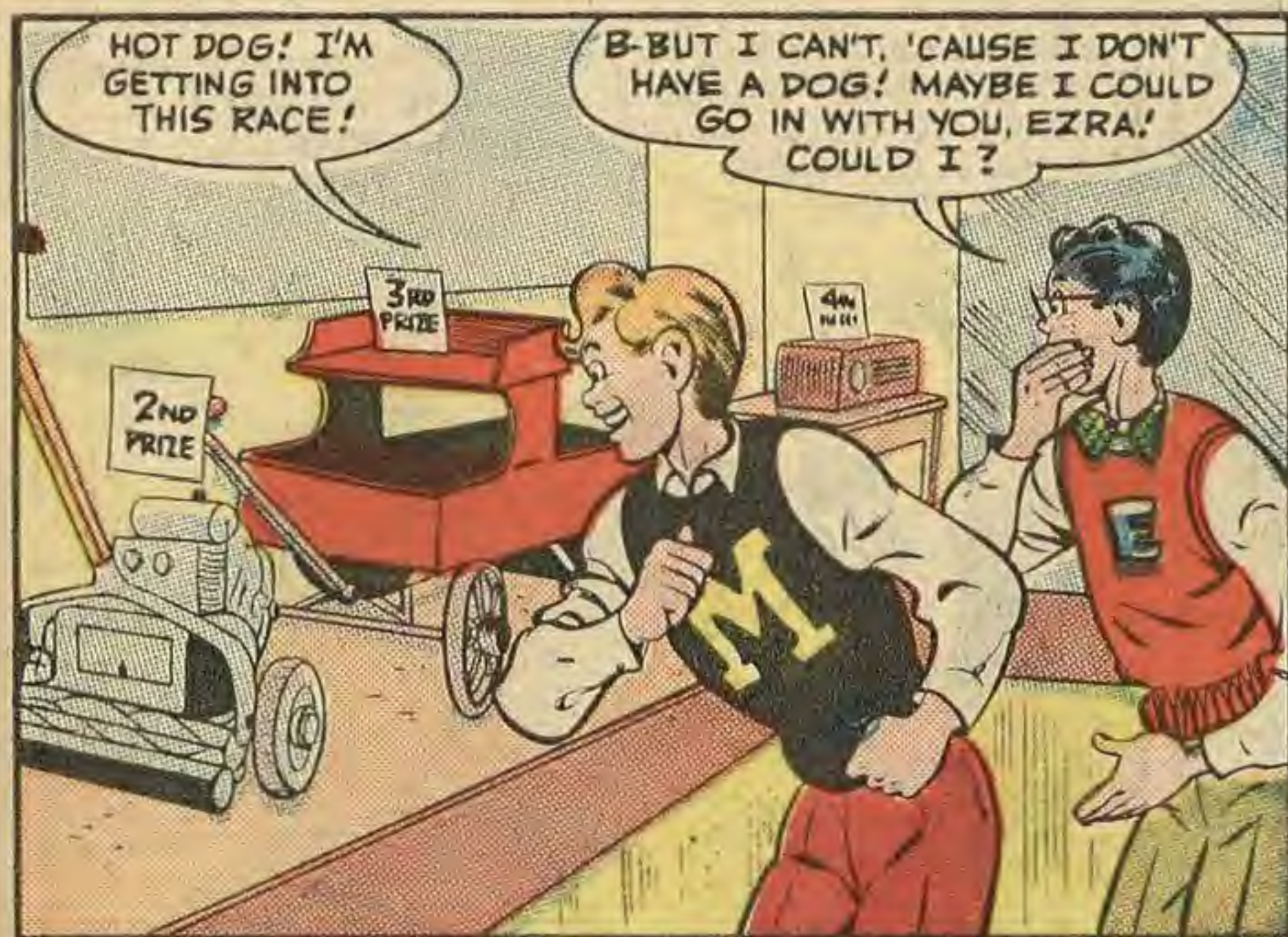
YEAH, BUT
EZRA, I HAVEN'T
GOT A DOG!

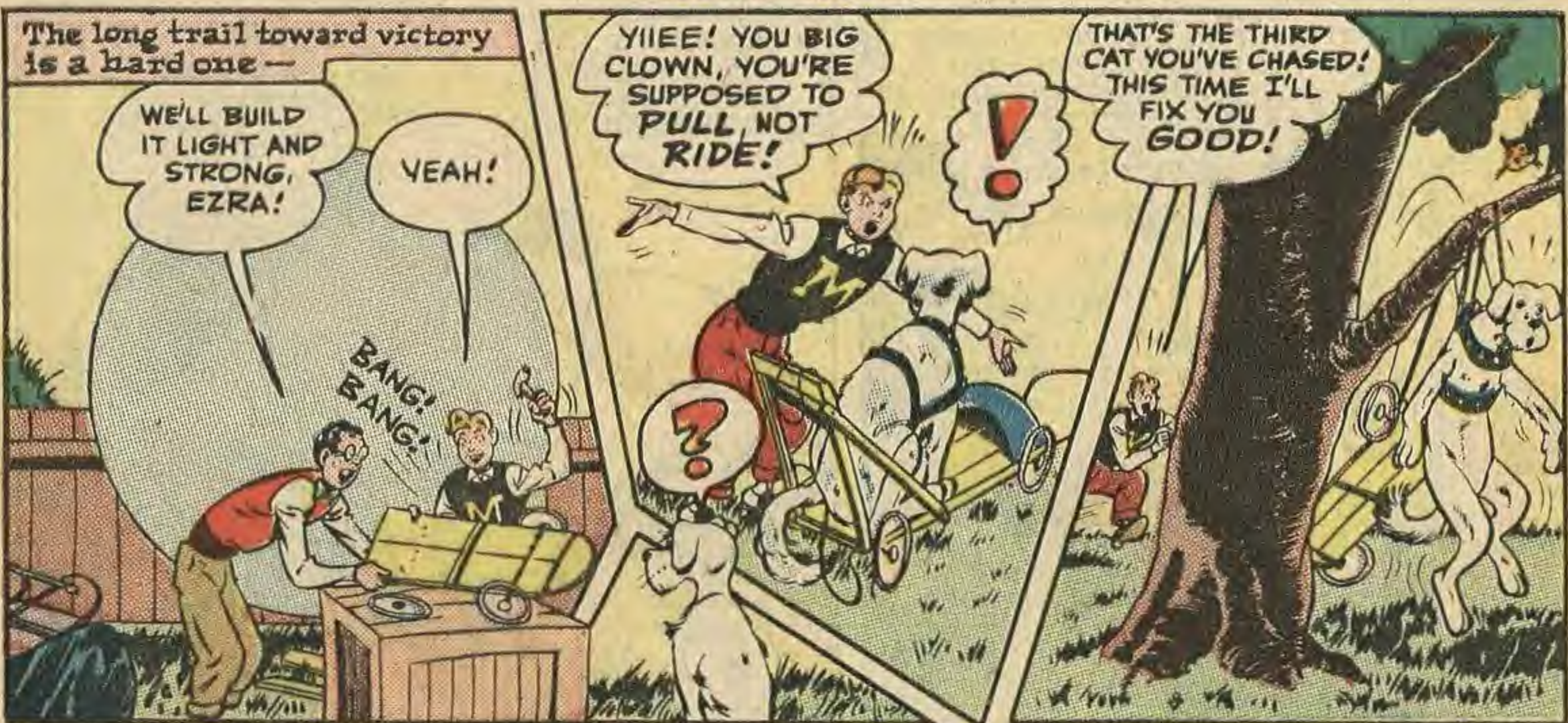
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SPONSORED BY
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BOYS, ENTER
NOW!

INQUIRE WITHIN



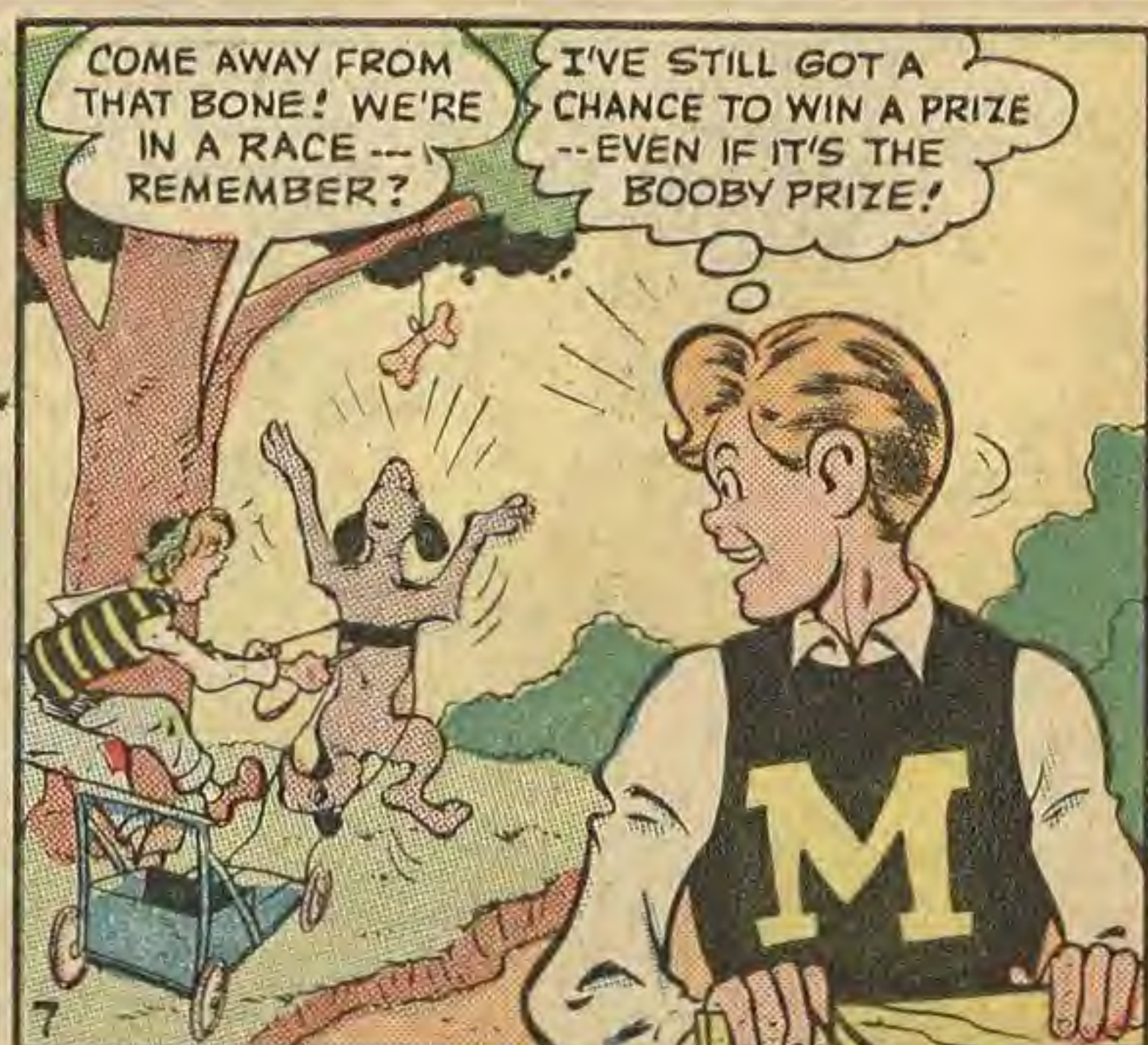
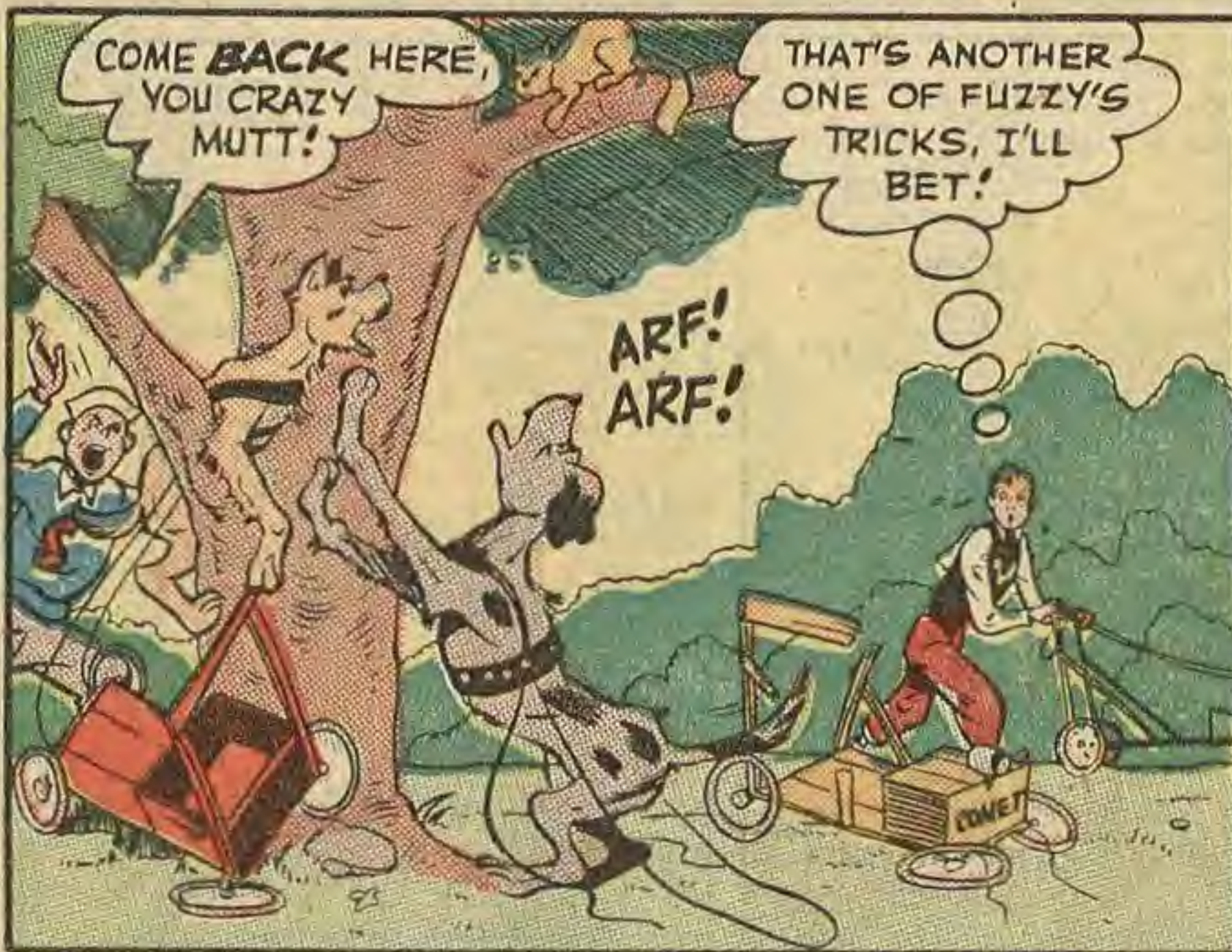


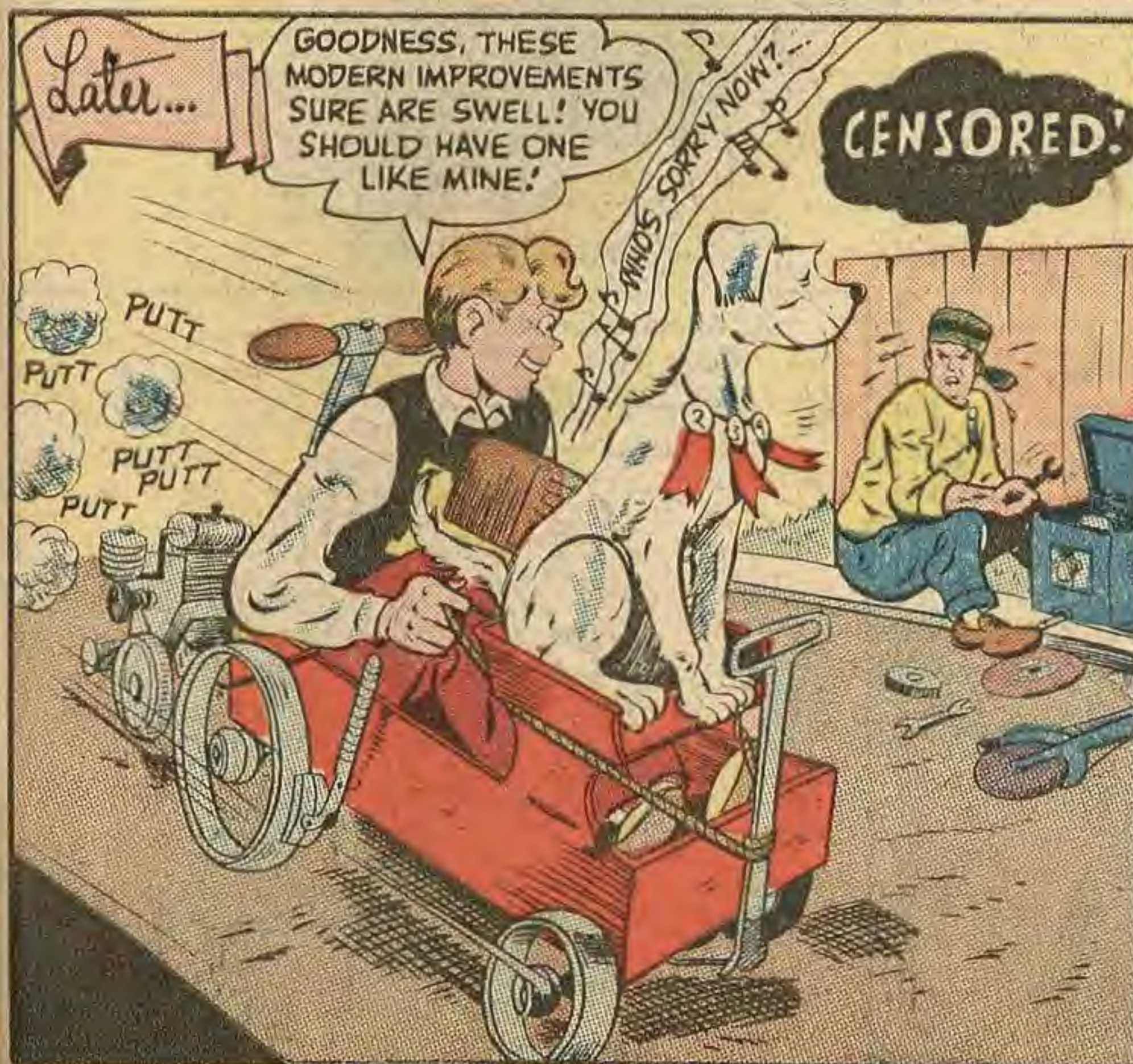












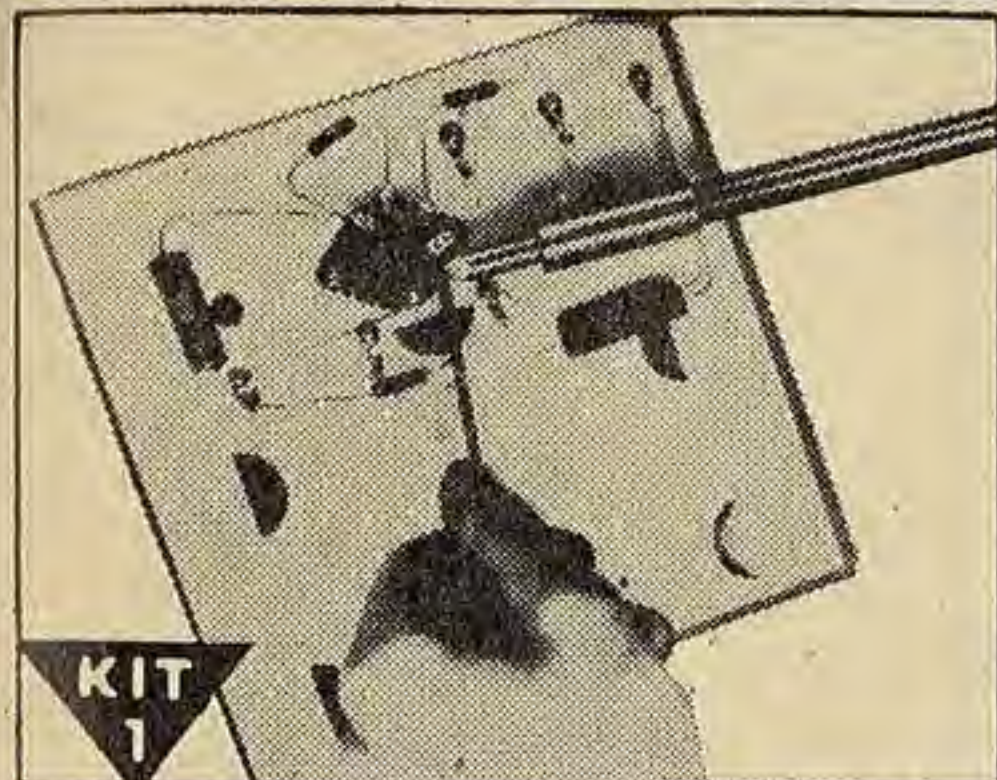
PRUDENCE





I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



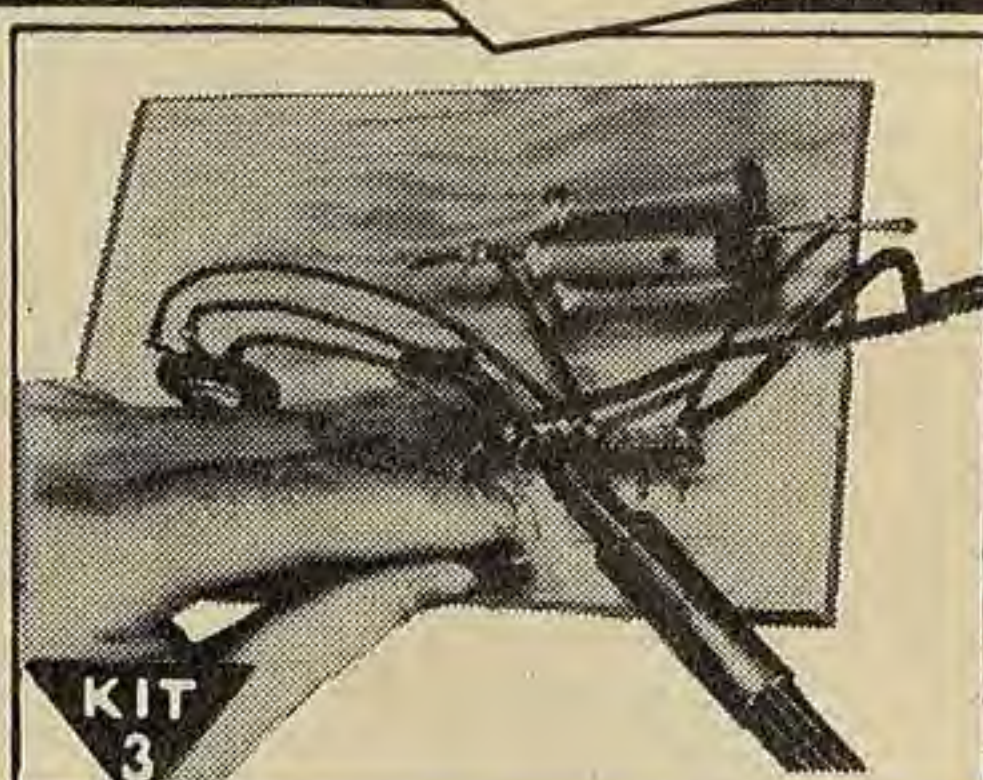
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1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



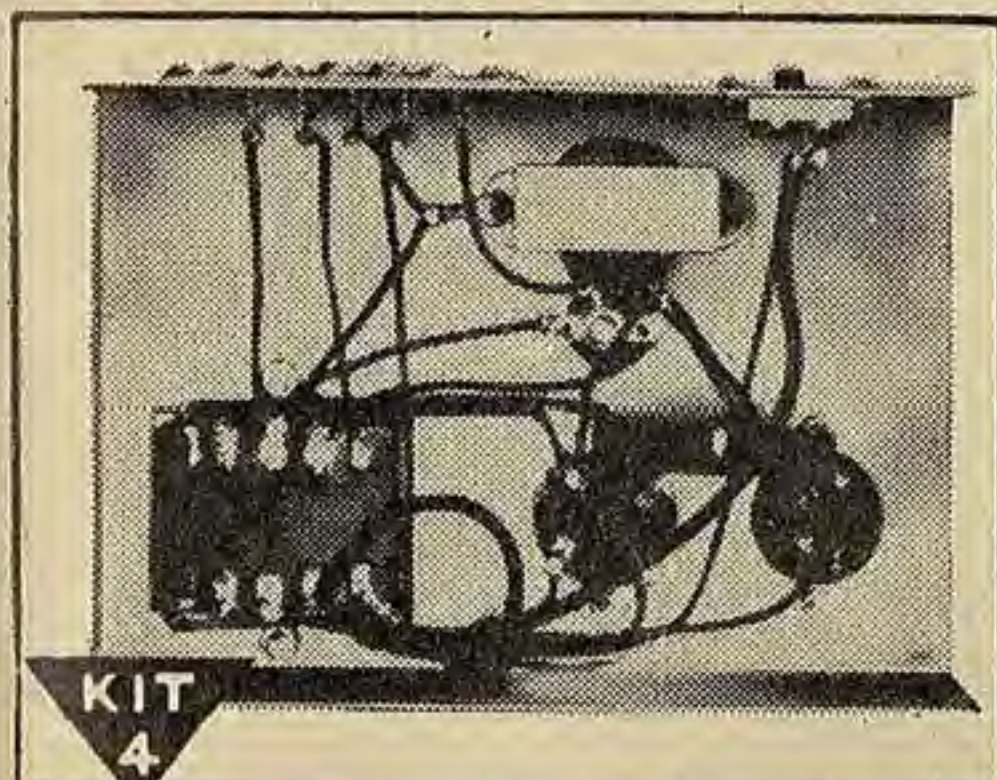
**KIT
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



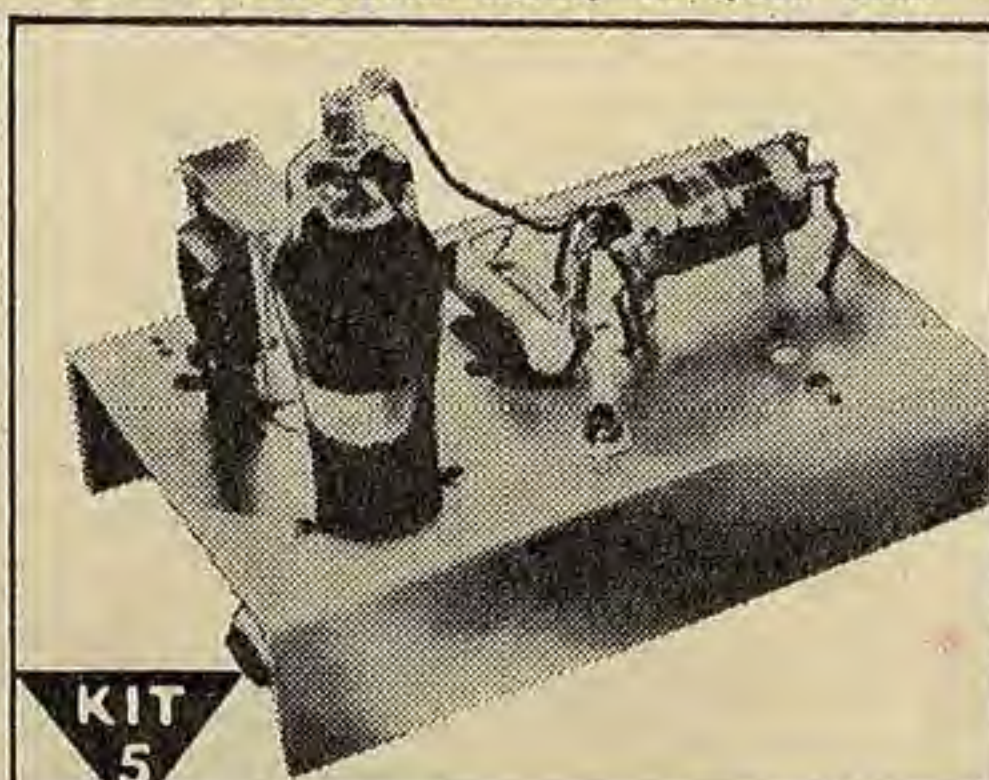
**KIT
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



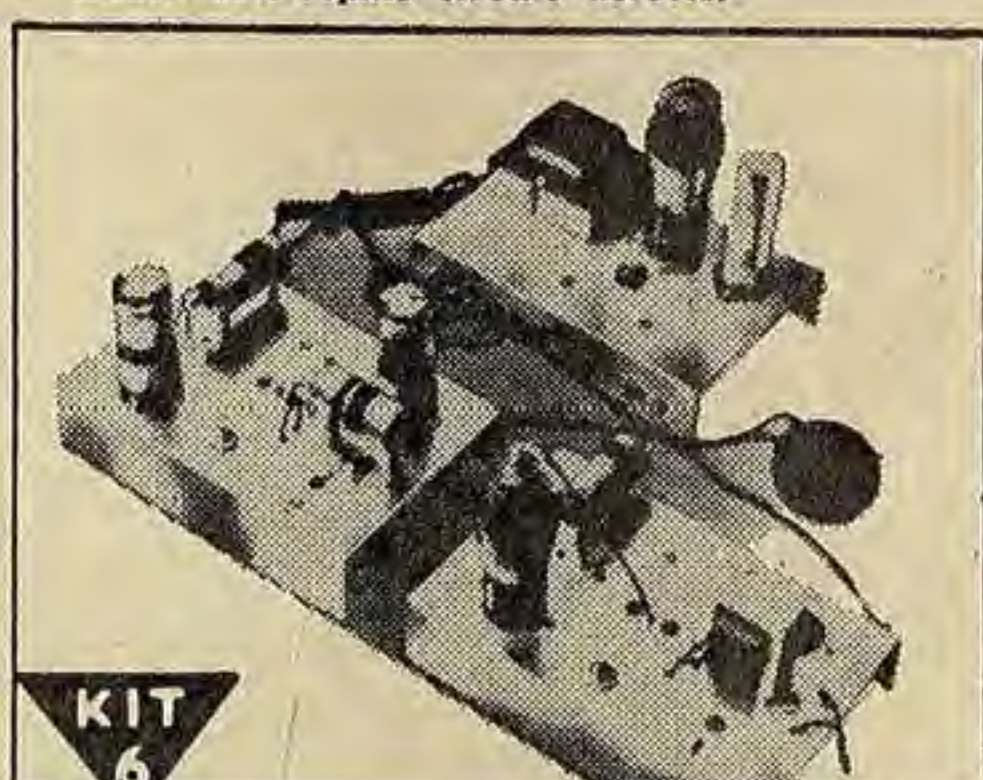
**KIT
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio

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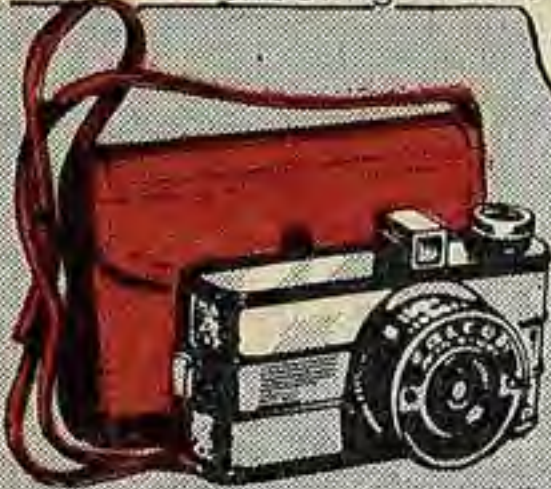
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16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.

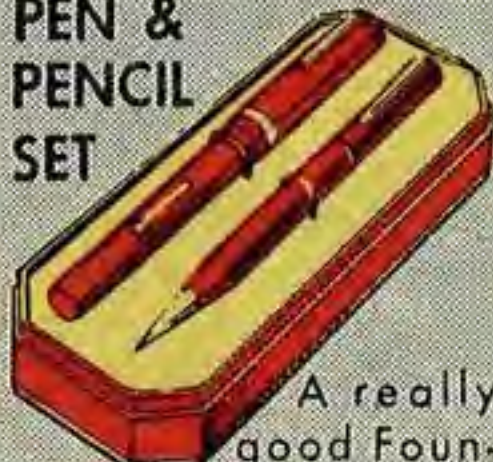


DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb,

Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of American seeds

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A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order

STURDY AXE,
with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.



Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



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"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds



Famous "Flying Ace" Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls.

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"Nothing else like it" Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds



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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra



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Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and

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A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE,
with Leather Sheath.

Has serrated edge, bottle opener.

Sell one order

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Republic Pictures Star



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.



Roy Rogers
"King of the Cowboys"

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